

End Of The Century

Blur

She said there's ants in the carpet
Dirty little monsters
Eating all the morsels
Picking up the rubbish
Give her effervescence
She needs a little sparkle
Good morning tv
You're looking so healthy

And we all say
Don't want to be alone
We wear the same clothes
Because we feel the same
And kiss with dry lips
When we say goodnight
End of the century... it's nothing special

Sex on tv
Everybody's at it
And the mind gets dirty
As you get closer to thirty
He gives her a cuddle
They're glowing in a huddle
Good night tv
You're all made up
And you know that

Can you eat her yes you can